

# I Am the Newly Born Woman of Around Thirty - WN Chapter 01-05

## Table of Contents

- 1. [2 Hours From Birth](#)
- 2. [6 Months Since Birth](#)
- 3. [Birthday at Age 5](#)
- 4. [A Familiar Story](#)
- 5. [Immoral Resolve](#)

## 2 Hours From Birth

I'm sorry. The first part is completely gibberish to me.

I am trying a translation style where I use more romaji. Tell me what you think.

Romaji/onomatopoeia will be italicized.

Also, the author changes her age sometimes? I think. Not a 100% sure on that though, but just ignore it if it happens, ok?

Read the [post before](#) for some extra information.

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[Directory](#) |

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## 2 Hours From Birth

Oh no—! I forgot to initialize, and I got kicked out～

Geh!? You, of course that's bad.

Someone's voice chattered away in a fluster.

Judging from the conversation, I wonder if this is a second hand computer shop.

They were getting loud about personal information protection, and as if I was an uninvolved party, I thought they made a bad mess.

.....But, the main topic of their conversation wasn't used computers.

Somehow, it seems it was about me.

“Who the heck is used goods” so I wanted to complain, but I could only

unintentionally let out sounds like “*au—*” and “*afu—*”.

A squirming, moving body that was petite and stank of milk.

It appears that with the memories of my previous life intact, I’ve been born anew.

I thought back to my past life, where I had ignored a red light, was hit by a truck, and died.

My age of death was at 29 years.

Then, I received a new life and was birthed just moments ago.

I understood my present situation up to that point.

Everything afterwards will just be conjecture, but this is probably not Japan. Perhaps it might not even be Earth, but I don’t really know.

Did you know? A newborn’s eyesight doesn’t even grade 0.01.

It’s really true, since I can’t see anything at all.

*Aahh—* This is a pain. Where is this place— Who am I—

I want to sigh, *babu—*

So, I died..... And my life was just starting.

I wonder if my parents are crying~ Or, if my friends are surprised~ Or, if my coworkers are troubled because they have to inherit my work or, if my lover is mourning me and such.

I've become sentimental.

I don't have a lover. *Ehe*, I just imagined him but it still makes me sad... *Abu—*

No no, get your spirit back up and be positive.

How can you be negative for one whole day since being born?

I'll live while facing forwards, since I'm young, anyways.

I'm lucky to have died instantly without feeling any pain! And such. Somehow, that feels off.....

No, but I'm really grateful for not having died after getting involved in a situation.

If I died a weird death, the police would've had to investigate me.

I don't have much to be guilty of, but there are a few things that would be problematic if looked into.....

I don't want them to see my computer's search log. I'd searched for things like secrets on how to become a popular woman.

If anybody sees that, I'll die a second time.

.....*Tte*, no good, no good. I was being pessimistic again.

Let's live more brightly, me! *Abubbu—*

*Aah~ah*, at any rate I'm bored~

They say a baby's job is to sleep, but you get tired of a simple occupation, and even though I look like this I was an energetic career woman.

Ohoho, abubu.

.....o

.....o

Snore—.....o

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[Directory](#) |

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A romaji glossary for those that are interested.

Au, Afu, Abu, Babu, abubu, etc – Doesn’t mean anything. Baby noises.

Ehe – It’s a laugh.

Tte – This is hard to translate. Can be thought of something like, “wait–” in some connotations. Usually said kinda harshly, used when someone wants to retort something abruptly... I can’t define it well...

Aah~ah – It’s like, a sigh, sorta... Why the “h”s are in there is a personal preference.

Ohohoho – Laughing, but more of a high society feminine laugh. Ever heard those ojousamas laugh in anime? It’s like that, but probably less obnoxious and more refined and graceful in this case...

(I just went through a ton of ojousama laugh videos to find something that kinda fit... Why are there so many lol [youtube](#))

Snore – I coulda left it as “guu-” but I wasn’t sure if you guys would get the joke if you didn’t know what it meant...

# 6 Months Since Birth

Some time has passed.

I'm not familiar whether Japan's ever had a prohibition period or not but...  
Whatever?

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| [Directory](#) |

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## 6 Months Since Birth

The following days passed by quickly, and six months had passed.

Originally, it was an age where one wouldn't know of the world's sourness or sweetness.

While protected, a baby was fine if it just slept and cried.

But on the inside was the around 30 years old me. It wasn't going to go that smoothly.

Why didn't my palate get reset too, I was troubled with how shitty bad the milk tasted.

Plainly speaking, it was a life or death situation, reason being my only source of nutrients was milk.

An infant who hated milk was the equivalent to an ant hating anteater.

But in the beginning without considering any of those things, I stubbornly rejected it. Cuz, it was gross enough to die.

When it seemed like they would force me, I brandished my hands and feet and

resisted.

It wasn't alcohol harassment, but milk harassment! I was being indignant.

But after I, who wouldn't drink milk, learned that the graceful woman—my mother of this lifetime—was declining in health because of my actions, I deeply repented.

Yes, this wasn't milk-hara. This was for survival.

There's a person not drinking, yeah yeah yeah. There's a person not drinking, yeah yeah yeah.

That person's me— That person's me—。 Yeah, chug, chug, chug.

Drink, drink, drink, *abu*—

I want to see the good points of a baby! Chug it, chug.

It's a little out of date, but singing an alcohol song similar to ones used during prohibition and encouraging myself, I sucked in the milk.

*Uoohh*—While spewing abusive words I drank, gulping it down.

And then puked. While I "*babu babu*" a complaint, I drank again. "*Oeeh*" and vomited.

My current state was completely like a poor drunkard.

But it couldn't be helped. I'm persevering.

To me, who preferred alcohol over sweets, the taste of a person's skin and the

tepid, slightly sweet milk was harsh.

Setting aside those eating habits.

Let's change the topic for the basic information I've gathered little by little during these past six months.

Firstly, this world. It wasn't Japan, and it wasn't Earth either.

The place where I was born was the Yugnar country.

There, magic existed.

*Wao!* What should I do— So my heart skipped, but it was established that I didn't have much magic power.

In the first place, the magic I was thinking about was on the level where only the King or someone of the upper echelon of nobility could use. How disappointing.

And now information about myself.

My name is Tiariela Norfolk. Norfolk is my house name.

My parents were middle ranked nobility, and had no other kids beside me.

With the stipend from the small fief and the country, we lived a slightly wealthier lifestyle than the common citizen.

Mom was 21, Father was 42, and the difference between their ages stood out.

Apparently the doctor had directly told my sickly mother who wished for a child that it would be difficult, but despite that she was determined to give birth.



And the one that was born as if precious was the around 30 me.

Even though she bet her life and gave birth to me, somehow I feel guilty.

With that sort of weak point, I cried as I didn't have much methods to pull off, and towards that, my Mom asked "what's wrong?" in worry while flustered.

Since I didn't have a choice, when Mom's condition seemed to be good I chose a suitable time to cry.

While thinking "such a baby that can read the mood doesn't exist elsewhere," I appealed that I was favorably growing up.

I tried saying "*abu abu*."

I tried flapping my hands and legs around while laughing. I tried eating gauze.

I tried yawning as if I was tired. I tried grumbling.

Seeing me, Mom would laugh, so that made me happy.

In that fashion I rapidly grew up, and would soon be welcoming my 5th birthday.

Thank goodness.....

Why does time feel longer when you're young?

My 20s, the prime of my life was tumbled by too quickly, but let's set aside this around 30's complaining.

At the party held to celebrate my fifth birthday, I would learn a startling truth.

Because there, as if he could appear on the front cover of a Hiyo○ Club

magazine, I met a tiny ikemen.

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| [Directory](#) |

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Romaji glossary for those who are interested

Milk-hara (ミルクハラ) – I actually had trouble with this for a bit, until I realized it was milk harassment (ミルクハラメント), only shortened. Problem is, since milk is a short one syllable word, but is broken up into a few characters in JP it didn't get across the whole "milk" meaning and was instead Miruhara. For a while, I agonized "what the heck is miruhara!?" but felt stupid immediately after I realized it was milk harassment...

Uoohh – it's said with a feeling of being pumped up and raring to go and stuff.

Oeehhh – She's puking here lol

Wao! – [Wow in English.](#)

Hiyo○ Club – Hiyoko Club. If you google it, it'll show a bun of magazine covers with cute children on it, so I'm guessing it's a parenting magazine.

Ikemen – I already said it before, but it's a hot guy/attractive male.

# Birthday at Age 5

HOLY

I JUST LEARNED HOW TO FOOTNOTE

I FEEL STUPID

Be ready for some footnote spam muahahaha

On another note, with my pointless squandering of money, I purchased a premium plan and changed the domain to mojotranslations.com It's not an wordpress.com anymore guys!

Nothing much really happens in this chapter (like in many chapters) but hope you enjoy anyways~

If I get another chapter done I'mma try scheduling it for next week.

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| [Directory](#) | (Picked up by Circa Translations)

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## Birthday at Age 5

「Congratulations.」

「You've already turned 5, time sure flies by fast.」

「How adorable. I look forward to the future.」

「Well well, what is this? A splendid lady you've become.」

Spewing lies, and while thinking their words were lies, I responded with a smile.

The guests that arrived one after another were probably people with reputation.

Wrapping their bodies in expensive looking clothes and riding luxurious carriages, they came to our Norfolk residence.

Most were adults who came with the intention of pursuing grown up affairs, talking business and getting acquainted.

But for manners sake, they came to me and expressed words of congratulations.

So as not to be discourteous, I carefully considered and replied with words that a child would, but honestly it was tiring.

「Here you are, it would be good if you're pleased with it.」

「*Waa*, what could it be!？」

An unpleasant premonition ran through me as I accepted the cutely wrapped bundle.

I opened the bundle in the guise of a child thrilled at receiving a present, and what appeared was a variety of confections.

「*Kya*, thank you!」

I embraced the parcel as if it were precious, and jumped up and down.

Then after I smiled while expressing my thanks, the guest would nod with satisfaction and turn their attention in a different direction.

While watching the back of the guest who left, I softly sighed.

Aah, I want to say it. I want to say it in a loud voice.

Don't think that a child will like sweets just because they're a kid.

My palate hadn't be reset, so I dragged along my tastes from my past life.

I was no good with sweet things.

If it was just a little sweet, then I'd be fine though.

As expected, with intention to be given to a child, the confections that were stuffed with an increased quantity of sugar would be impossible for me.

It's not a declaration fitting for a five year old, but I'll say it anyways.

I miss alcohol and cigarettes.....

I was a heavy smoker in my past life.

Even if my salary didn't rise, and even if the cigarette tax increased, that didn't deter me.

Still, it seemed like that part had gotten reset at least, since I didn't get irritated from not smoking. [1](#)

But whenever the stress piled up, I subconsciously searched my chest area. [2](#)

By the way. My outer appearance has leveled up from my past life.

I was worried about the slightly rounder than normal figure, but I could say it was an appearance to look forwards to.

If such a chubbily cute girl said,

「I want to smoke a cigarette.」

Dropping such lines, people would feel disappointed. Even if she said it cutely, they'd still be disappointed.

Similarly.

If she were to announce rejection towards all sweets, she would also give them feelings of disappointment.

According to others, I probably appeared like a child pretending to be an adult, and was thought of as charming.

There was also danger in receiving a bad impression from others for being a brat that didn't try to act cute.

The guests here were people who had relations with my parents.

It would be bad to make an unfavorable impression.

With those circumstances in mind, I welcomed the sweets that were gifted to me one after another with feigned happiness.

But I told them, "I love sweets, thank you for your gifts, everyone!" and conducted myself exaggeratingly.

Seeing my act, the adults went to the table that was lined with extravagant dishes, took a sweet dessert and passed it to me.

Being done completely out of goodwill, it was hard to reject them.

In this matter, I was completely a Japanese person who was unable to say "No." [3](#)

「Miss Tiariela Norfolk.」 [^4]

What should I do here?

When I acted like a *burikko* [^5] and tried to deceive them saying, “I’ll eat it preciously!” the sweets that were in my hands began to overflow.

Towards I who was feeling like I would vomit from the sweet smell that floated over from there, while young, a terse voice called out.

Being careful not to drop the confections I turned to face it, and there was an ikemen like boy.

In the ikemen youth’s hand, he grasped a small bouquet.

「I’ll give you this.」

Along with his cold words, he stretched out his hand.

From the bouquet thrust near the tip of my nose, a pleasant fragrance wafted forwards and momentarily erased the sickly sweet scent.

It couldn’t be said that the boy’s face held a shred of flattery or sociability, and much of his unwilling feeling was conveyed, but I really wanted to praise his choice.

.....Even though this guy was small, he had quite the promise. [^6]

In this life I was receiving lady training, so my way of speaking had also become refined, but at the unexpectedness I inadvertently relaxed and spoke with a foulness befitting of my previous world.

I had to take caution so I wouldn't slip my tongue.

While being cautious, I dropped my gaze to the offered bouquet.

Taking a closer look, the flowers were not something expensive, but seemed to be ones that grew on a mountain in the area, but as long as it wasn't sweets, anything was fine.

In fact, towards this pleasant smelling bouquet, I who was sickly drunk on the smell of sweets from before was grateful from the bottom of my heart.

I nonchalantly set down the mountain of sweets that had accumulated in my arms, embracing the bouquet.

The best smile of today spilled forth.

There was no falsehood in it. Young boy, thank you. Praise to your choice.

When I embraced the bouquet wearing a face full of smiles, the boy made a surprised expression.

Afterwards, perhaps having gotten embarrassed towards my extreme happiness, his cheeks flushed and he turned the other way.

Towards us, the surrounding adults looked on with smiles.

「My my, what a cute couple has been born.」

Having such an exchange between children, I couldn't not understand the feeling of wanting to say something like that.



But the approximate age of the ikemen boy who was in front of my eyes, was about 6 or 7.

I don't have any interest in children.

There seemed to be people in the world who got fired up by boys in shorts called *shotacons*, but I had absolutely no understanding why. [4](#)

As expected, if a man isn't past his 40s, it's only right to be reluctant.

To I who didn't have my memories reset, I was strongly influenced by my past life's preferences.

Thanks to that, I was unable to point my finger at any of the engagement candidates that my parents had recommended. It was the same as telling me to get with a kid who just got out of their diapers. [5](#)

It could also be thought of as early recruitment, but hmmm.

There's no lack of hesitation. They're young, too young.

In the end, the one I chose was a Margrave that was 42 years old. He's been divorced.

He had a beard, and his appearance was that of an English gentlemen's with a pot-like figure, but my parents were earnestly opposed to it so I gave up. [6](#)

Though since Father and Mother also had an age gap, I thought they'd be more understanding.

While I was thinking of such things with my face buried in the bouquet,

「B-Being so pleased over such cheap flowers, you're a weirdo!」

Uplifting his face enough it seemed steam would come out of it, the boy spat out abusive language and retreated.

He must've been embarrassed about the banter praising "a great match～" that kept surfacing.

The boy was shy and pure.

「Good for you, Tiara～」

「The second son of the Fitzroy house, Levin is it? He should be 6 currently? Yes, he may be a fine match for Tiara.」

「My, what are you saying dear?」<sup>7</sup>

Watching my parents' exchange, their banter was half joking, half serious.

No no, please pardon me.

A 6 year old.....I really am disinclined towards a brat.

The other party might be disinclined to for all I know. These corrupted kids. <sup>8</sup>

But that ikemen-kun with promise was called Levin-kun, huh.

According to Father, the Fitzroy house was a fallen lower class noble family, but even with that he was a boy with a promised future of popularity.

Levin Fitzroy.

Later I would have to write a thank you letter, so I thought to remember the name but as I repeated his name in my mouth, hm?

For some reason, I felt like I heard this name before.

Where was it? While being a little fed up with myself who had been exceedingly forgetful recently, I searched my memories.

Where was it? Maybe I had gotten it mixed up for a name that sounded similar? What was it? .....Ah!!

「Ah, it was that. It was a name inside a super popular manga!」

Ahh I feel refreshed. Or so I had become, but... hmm?

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| [Directory](#) | (Picked up by Circa Translations)

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[4^]: Here he says Tiariela Norfolk-jou. “Jou” as a suffix can mean miss or lady but it does sound odd in this case. Either way (romaji or english) looked weird to me so I left it in english.

[5^]: If any of you haven’t read [this](#) then I’ll go ahead and put it out there. Not caught up though. Basically, a burikko is a girl who pretends to be cute but is actually sorta bitchy inside. Two-faced, that’s the word combo I was looking for.

[^6] Here, she used “Yatsu” which is a rude way to address someone. Doesn’t translate well in English...

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1. Tobacco addiction kids. [↩](#)
2. I’m guessing she had a chest pocket where she had her cigs. [↩](#)
3. Because Japanese people find it hard to reject things I guess? It’s in their culture to be very courteous and such so I can understand (I find it hard to say no too) [↩](#)
4. I’m guilty, miss... [↩](#)
5. I kinda guessed on the last sentence. If someone knows what it means, please do tell me. [↩](#)

6. Not sure if author meant pot, since a “tsubo” can also be a jar or vase. ↩
7. She’s saying this kinda teasingly. It’s hard to translate. In romaji, she says “anatattara” which is kinda like “oh, you” in flirty-like way but... Hard to translate. ↩
8. Last sentence is up to connotation, but I didn’t really get it, so if anyone knows what it means please inform me. ↩

# A Familiar Story

Here it is, my new project.

-Circa

[RAW](#)

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## A Familiar Story

In my previous life (long story short), [Flowers Blooming in the Snow] was a popular manga.

The name of the main character was Relleru Goldoni.

In a world of magic, the commoner-born Relleru had been blessed with strong magical powers.

This was extremely rare because normally, if one was born with strong magic, they were either of royal birth or from a high-class aristocratic family.

Possessing magic was very convenient, and if an individual's talent for magic should exceed a certain level, the enrollment fee to learn magic at Lukeson Academy would be fully waived.

When she turned 16 years old, Relleru enrolled at Lukeson Academy.

However, this was a nationally-acclaimed academy.

This meant that almost all of the students were either of royal blood or nobility. It was often that such high rank personas despised those born of low rank.

The existence of a commoner with such strong magic would invite the envy of others, which, sooner or later, would lead to bullying and harassment.

But even though Relleru had great magical powers, she was still able to learn magic in an undisturbed manner in a quiet corner of the school building. This was only possible mainly due to her low-key and timid disposition.

But the truth of the matter was, as the daughter of a florist, when flowers are involved, her personality will do a total 180. This special trait of hers was a part of her character setting.

So, as foreshadowed, before Relleru's eyes, the flowers were trampled on by

the most influential person in the school, Crown Prince Ricardo Yunguna.

Ricardo's atrocities enraged Relleru and, as a result, the reckless words spewed in the heat of the moment led to a magic duel.

The magic duel, like its name implies, is a duel using magic. However, it was normally held between two men.

Even though she's the same girl he'll eventually fall in love with, he currently doesn't like her.

The school was in an uproar as the participants were members of the opposite sex as well as on opposite sides of the spectrum of hierarchy. Large sums of money would be wagered on this event.

Initially, Relleru spent a majority of her time crying as she realized she had committed a serious offense. However, the way her precious flowers had been treated, she was motivated to crush Ricardo. Towards this duel against Ricardo, Relleru was fiercely determined.

And so, three men, who were also enrolled in Lukeson Academy, decided to lend a helping hand to Relleru.

One of the them was a man named Levin Fitzroy. His hair was as if it had been splashed with red tea, the scars on his muscular arms oozed wild charm, and his eyes were rather hostile.

Although he is a low-class noble, he originated from the royal family and thus has inherited their strong magical powers. He is also very popular in the academy due to his handsome appearance.

Since the beginning, Levin did not like Ricardo. And since he took a liking to Relleru, he decided to help her gain equal footing with Ricardo.

Levin, being from an impoverished home, had experienced a wide variety of things.

The only reason for his influence is due to the way he uses and manipulates magic.

Under Levin's guidance, Relleru's originally strong magic power grew even stronger.

Levin was the impulsive type and easily blurt things out without thinking. He was very experienced with women, and was accustomed in the ways of making love.

And yet, for some reason he was like a kid who hadn't yet reached puberty when it came to the girl he liked.

But even though he liked Relleru, he wasn't able to express his feelings, and ultimately he lost to his love rival, Ricardo.

Ricardo's fan book was top in its sales which showed his popularity. However, compared to Ricardo's blessed life and innate talents, Levin had struggled in an effort to reach a high degree of magic power, which earned favor among his fans who were around the age of 17.

Continuing, carefully and steadily. While thinking about the story, I realized that I was meaninglessly continuing to walk. What am I doing in this kind of place? As I returned to my senses, I was being greeted by a multitude of servants.

[...Iya, the name is the same, but just because it's the same...]

Now that I mention it, the name and appearance in the manga was similar. It may not be the same story, but it might still be interesting even if it isn't.

I just had a bit of an interesting idea pop up. Iya Iya, that's impossibiru, I tsukkomi'd.

But just to be sure, I'll try asking one of the passing servants for the name of our Crown Prince.

[The name of His Royal Highness the Crown Prince was it? It is Ricardo Yunguna-sama.]

As if that wasn't surprising enough? To the busy servant, I give my thanks for supplying the information.

So, the name of the prince is Ricardo Yunguna.

...  
Hmm...hmm...  
...Hmmm.....

Well, since his name exists.

I asked a passing servant whether a National Magic Academic Institute also exists in this country.

[I wonder what will become of Lukeson Academy?]

[...]

...

.....

.....

...I'll just sip some tea.



|| ||



# Immoral Resolve

Contrary to a prior statement, I've released this rather early. Arasaa will not have a set schedule and will be considered a side project.

Also, welcoming takers for this project as I feel I'm not doing an adequate job in accurate translations. I will continue to translate though, if no one else does.

As always, do forgive and be lenient on me. ^^;

-Circa

[RAW](#)

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## Immoral Resolve

I've been investigating and gathering various bits of information about this world while, at the same time, comparing everything I've learned to the manga. Everything seems to match up.

Which could only mean one thing.

It's hard to believe but, it seems I've been reincarnated inside the world of a popular 'Cinderella Story'.

Well, now that I think about it, the atmosphere of my surroundings feel kind of similar to the manga.

I failed to notice this until just now.

It didn't matter whether she was there or not; a player that didn't have much of an effect on the story has entered.

The person herself seems to realize to some degree that her existence is no more than a mere shadow.

In the manga, Tiariela Norfolk was such a minor existence that it was almost ridiculous that her name was even mentioned. She was pretty much a mob character.

Then... Then.

No matter what I try to do or how I choose to live, it should not affect this world in any way.

Then what I should do next has been properly decided...

I folded my arms and glared straight ahead.

[Flowers Blooming in the Snow], in a nutshell, is an ero ero harem story with Relleru as the main character.

Even though she's a chicken, Relleru rebelled against the school's king, Ricardo, because of some flowers and that's what started the magic duel.

The passionate and practical fellow, Levin Fitzroy.

The calm and collected genius, Muriel Roswell.

The erotic womanizer, Eugene Royce.

All three guys are superior ikemen who helped Relleru challenge Ricardo.

And of course, the fan favorite, Ricardo, is also part of the harem as well. Along with the three, all of them enjoy a very hot, erotic relationship with Relleru.

Relleru is easily fooled, so besides them, there are also a few other unnamed male students that serve as antagonists to create ero ero pinches!

Unforgiveable ~tsu! Give me more! But for a shoujo manga, made for young girls, to specifically have an R-18 rating was kind of unusual.

So here is the peachy-colored harem centered around our lead heroine, Relleru.

So it's decided, there's only one thing for me to do.

...Peeping.

I-Iya. That way of speaking is vulgar.

But I feel that, as a reader and someone who remembers their past life, that there is a special obligation to oversee the main character's happy ending.

I want to see with my own eyes, the ikemen that get involved with the cuter than small mammals, kawaii protagonist.

As such, there is no feeling of guilt whatsoever.

That's why I will say this openly and proudly!

I am going to peep.

The woman hater, Ricardo, doesn't notice his own feelings but still gets irritated when Relleru gets along with other men. That time when he slams his hand against the wall..., Relleru was sandwiched between the wall and his

body..., and that passionate, forceful kiss scene... I cannot afford to miss that.

Also, the part after the hot-blooded Levin had subjected such an unreasonable amount of practice onto Relleru..., Relleru has fainted from overusing her magic powers..., he then lifted her up into his arms... This mouthwatering scene, I also can't miss.

She was unconscious, but he still planted a deep kiss on her! Levin-sama in that self-loathing position..., I want to see.

There was also that scene where Relleru needed to be saved from commoner-hating boy A. That scary situation was referred to as the curse that should be forgotten. Muriel was seriously more risqué than commoner-boy A which was a rather refreshing erotic scene that you can't miss.

It was so erotic to the extent that it became necessary to stuff your nostrils with tissues.

Then, it's that.

Eugene, who had been confident when facing off against Relleru in a proper match, lost. After all, if you're any little bit a man, when faced with an adorable gesture like that of Relleru's, your heart will tighten like k~yun. Without thinking, your heart would tighten and throb and the intent to continue what you were doing will all but be forgotten.

Rather than erotic, being the cool man in such situations cannot be overlooked.

Speaking of the situations I most want to be in, there was that one scene where Relleru wanted to hide because she was facing harassment in the middle of changing her clothes. Ricardo took his coat and draped it over her and then carried her away from the room like a princess. Highly recommended.

The event is necessary for the protagonist, Relleru, to end up with the Crown Prince, Ricardo. This is scene so important that, without exception, must be carried out no matter what.

So as a person with memories of a previous life, I have an obligation to witness these heart throbbing, steamy erotic scenes with my own two eyes.

I say this just to be clear, but this woman of around thirty has no ulterior motive in the matter whatsoever.

Tehehe.

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TL note: I kinda just sped through it a couple days ago and planned to edit but never did. So I just decided to post it. Please help edit. ^^

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